

# Roy Rogers

COMICS

10¢

FOUR COLOR COMIC

No. 35

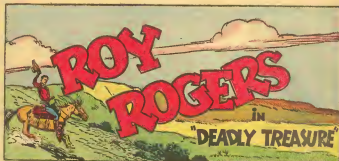
ALL THE BRILLIANCE OF  
DELL  
ALL THE BRILLIANCE OF  
A NEW BRILLIANCE



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NEARING ELK PASS, WEST OF THE RIO GRANDE, ROY ROGERS SPOTS A FLASH OF LIGHT IN THE HILLS...



... AND OVER-HEAD A CIRCLING BUZZARD!



SOMEBODY WATCHING ME -- OR THAT PARTY AHEAD -- THROUGH A SPYGLASS!



AND THE BUZZARD IS WATCHING US BOTH. TIME YOU AND I GOT OFF THE TRAIL, TRIGGER!



WE'VE PUT THIS HILL BETWEEN US AND THE SPYGLASS, PONY!







HERE'S HIS HORSE! I'LL  
TIE HIM INTO THE  
SADDLE AND TAKE  
HIM DOWN TO  
THE RANCH.



A BULLET THUDS INTO THE HOODED HEAD

NOW! WHERE'D THAT  
COME FROM?



FOUR COWPOIKES WITH  
RIFLES--HEADING THIS  
WAY---AND ONE OF  
'EM RIDES LIKE A  
CONEDY!



THAT SIDEWINDER HASN'T  
LEFT THE KNOLL--SHOOT  
THE FIRST THING  
YOU SEE MOVE!

WE SURE  
WILL!



GUESS I'D BETTER NOT WELCOME  
THOSE GENTS. THEY'LL BE  
PLENTY QUICK  
ON THE TRIGGER!



WELL, I'LL  
BE --

A DEAD HOOB-- THE ONE  
YOU KILLED, CONBOY!



FORGET HIM! I WANT THE  
BURRARD WHO TIED HIM  
ON THE SADDLE



RIGHT OVER HERE, CONDOY. ACCIDENTALLY  
I SHOT THAT HOOD A FEW MINUTES  
BEFORE YOU DID!



EXPLAIN THOSE WORDS,  
STRANGER--AND TALK  
FAST, BECAUSE I'M  
ITCHING TO  
KILL YOU!

IT'S A SLICK  
DODGE! HE KNEW  
WE'D CATCH HIM  
ANYWAY!



EVER HEAR YOUR DAD SPEAK  
OF BOY ROGERS, DENNIS? I WAS  
LOOKING FOR YOUR  
RANCHO WHEN I  
HEARD THE HOODS  
GUN--WHOM DID  
HE SHOOT?

OLD MCKINLEY  
MATTISON, OUR  
NEIGHBOR--  
AND I STILL  
THINK YOU'RE  
LYING!



MAYBE HE AIN'T  
LYING, CONDOY.  
THE HOOD WAS  
SHOT FIRST IN  
THE CHEST--BY  
A FORTY-FIVE.



THOSE ARE FORTY-FIVES  
YOU'RE WEARING,  
ROGERS?

RIGHT!  
SEE FOR  
YOURSELF!



THE GUNNELL JUST FIRED!  
I APOLOGIZE, ROGERS!



I'LL RIDE HOME WITH YOU.  
I WAS WAITING HERE AT  
MATTISON'S FOR--ER--WELL--  
FOR LOBNA, BUT IT'S THREE  
HOURS PAST TRAIN TIME.

PERHAPS THE  
HOODS GOT  
HER.









THE HOODS ARE WATCHING US. TRIGGER—WHICH MEANS WE'LL HAVE TO KEEP OUR EYES PEELED.



HERE'S THE LIKELIEST SPOT FOR A HOLDUP. WE'LL SEE IF DENNIS GOT THROUGH.



STEADY TRIGGER! THIS IS IT!



DON'T MAKE A MOVE, CONBOY, OR IT'LL BE YOUR LAST!



CONBOY! THEY THINK I'M DENNIS!

AT A SECRET SIGNAL, TRIGGER BEARS UP STRIKING.



ROY'S PISTOL LASHES OUT LIKE A WHIP.



ONE LEAP TAKES THE FOLLOWING ACROSS THE NARROW CREEK.



BUT THE THIRD HOOB ALSO WITH EQUAL SPEED.





THIS ISN'T CONVOY,  
YOU DUMMY! YOU'VE  
CAUGHT A STRANGER...  
GET OUT!



WHAT IS YOUR NAME --  
AND YOUR BUSINESS  
IN THESE PARTS .  
TALK FAST  
OR ELSE!



THE NAME  
IS ROGERS  
AND NO GUN  
WILL MAKE  
ME TALK!

THROW HIM INTO THE  
PIT... I HAVEN'T TIME TO  
FOOL WITH  
HIM NOW!



O.KAY,  
RED  
HOOD.

HELL HAVE GOOD  
LOOKIN' COMPANY--  
ONLY HE WON'T BE  
ABLE TO ENJOY  
IT. HAW, HAW!



DON'T WASTE  
TIME! YOU STILL  
HAVE THE JOB  
OF CATCHING  
CONVOY. REMEMBER



FASTER AND FASTER BOY  
SLIDES INTO THE PITCH  
DARKNESS.



SUDDENLY BLACK WATER  
ENGULFS HIM



HAW, HAW! WHO'S  
LIKE YOUR BATH--  
ROGERS?









I SAW THIS WAY DOWN WHEN THEY FIRST PUT ME HERE--THE FLOOR IS THIRTY FEET BELOW US.

TAKE IT EASY LORNA. THESE HAND-HOLDS WEREN'T MADE FOR A GIRL.

















WHIRLING, THE BEAST IS SLOWER THAN ROY'S DRAW.



DYING, IT MAKES ONE LAST, CONVULSIVE LEAP.



IS IT... DEAD?

DEAD AS MUTTON. I GUESS THE LITTLE ONE WILL HAVE TO HUNT HIS OWN MEAT NOW.



ROY, IT'S SUNRISE! AND DADDY MACK EXPECTED ME HOME FROM THE CITY YESTERDAY AFTERNOON.



DADDY AND DENNIS WILL BE CRAZY WITH WORRY ABOUT ME.

HOW ABOUT YOUR MOTHER?



DENNIS CONROY AND I LOST OUR MOTHERS WHEN WE WERE KIDS. SINCE THEN I'VE SORT OF MOTHERED HIM!



HOLD UP, PARTNER! THERE'S THREE HOODS RIDING UP THAT DRAW!

HOODS! AFTER US?



THEY'VE GOT SOMEBODY ON A LED HORSE -- WITH HIS HANDS TIED... LOOKS FAMILIAR...

IT'S DENNIS!

HERE, PARTNER! THERE'S ONE BULLET IN THIS GUN, AND ONE IN THE OTHER. THAT'S ENOUGH TO PULL A GOOD BLUFF!



A--A BLUFF?

THERE'S A SWELL PLACE FOR A HOLD-UP AT THE DRAW'S UPPER END--HURRY!



ABOUT TIME WE BLINDFOLDED THIS JIGGER, AIN'T IT, SEVENTEEN?



NAW, WAIT TILL WE GET TO LEVEL GROUND

YOU'RE STOPPING NOW, HOODS!



UH--BOGERS--- OR HIS GHOST!

UNBUCKLE YOUR GUNBELTS BEFORE I COUNT FIVE! ONE-TWO-



ALL--ALL RIGHT, WHAT NEXT?

HANDS OFF THOSE GUN BUTTS, YOU BLACK DEVIL--- DROP IT.



LORNA!

CUT 'EM DOWN, HONEY, EMPTY THAT GUN INTO THEIR BLACK HEARTS!



YA-A-A-AH! SHE CL--





WHEW! THAT WAS CLOSE--  
BUT IT WORKED.



YOU CRAZY FOOL! WHY DON'T  
YOU SHOOT 'EM DOWN,  
ROGERS?

THEY'RE  
LAME, CONROY  
AND MY GUN  
IS PLUMB  
EMPTY NOW,  
ANYWAY.



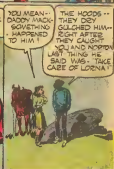
LOENA, GIRL, YOU'RE A  
WONDER--HOLDING UP  
THOSE MAL  
HOMBRES.

I'M WEAK  
AS A CAT NOW--  
TAKE ME HOME TO  
DADDY MACK.



YOU'VE--TOLD  
HER, ROGERS?  
TOLD HER  
WHAT  
HAPPENED?

I SAVED THAT  
FOR YOU, CONROY.  
LOENA WAS HAD  
ENOUGH TO  
STAND UP  
TILL NOW.



YOU MEAN--  
DADDY MACK--  
SOMETHING  
HAPPENED  
TO HIM!

THE HOODS --  
THEY DRY  
GULCHED HIM--  
RIGHT AFTER  
THEY CAUGHT  
YOU AND NORTON.  
LAST THING HE  
SAID WAS-- "TAKE  
CARE OF LOENA!"



MY DADDY MACK! AND I  
WASH-- THESE-- TO HELP  
'EM!



BETTER BUCKLE ON THESE  
GUN BELTS, CONROY--NOW WE  
KNOW THE HOODS' HANGOUT. WE  
CAN RAISE A  
POSSE AND  
RAID 'EM!

NOW YOU'RE  
TALKING,  
ROGERS!



GIVE ME ONE OF THOSE,  
DENNIS! I'M THE ONLY  
FIGHTING MAN LEFT IN  
THE MATTISON FAMILY.

YOU'RE RIDING ALL THE WAY HOME,  
HONEY... ROGERS AND I WILL  
TAKE TURNS



ON THE HILLS ROCKY SHOULDER A GOLDEN PALOMINO  
STOPS SHORT---THREE HUNDRED FEET BELOW HIM  
THREE PERSONS AND A HORSE LOOK LIKE  
CRAWLING INSECTS?



BUT A WANDERING BREEZE  
BRINGS HIM A FAINT,  
FAMILIAR SCENT.



WHEE-EE-EE  
WHE-EE-EE!



TRIGGER,  
SAL, HOW ON  
EARTH--



BLOOD ON THE HORN--  
AND THE LEATHER'S  
ALL SCRATCHED---



THAT HORSE  
COULD TELL  
A GOOD  
STORY--  
IF HE  
COULD  
TALK.



THE SADDLE  
TELLS IT-- A  
WOOD TRIED  
TO RIDE HIM,  
AND GOT  
ROLLED  
ON!



TRIGGER COMING BACK TO  
YOU IS A GOOD SIGN ROGERS.  
I'VE GOT A HUNCH THE  
HOODS WILL BE ON THE  
RUN--FROM NOW ON!



IN JUDGE CONROY'S RANCH YARD  
A SOBER GROUP WATS









BURIED!  
EVERY  
DUCK-OUT  
BURIED  
BY A  
BLAST.

AND THAT  
WAS NO  
ACCIDENT...  
COME ON DOWN  
BOYS--THE HOODS  
HAVE CLEARED  
OUT!



I HOPE  
NOTHING'S  
HAPPENED  
TO BOY  
BOGERS TO  
KEEP HIM  
AWAY.

I'M WORRIED, TOO--WE'VE  
SCARCELY SEEN HIM SINCE  
SINCE THE FUNERAL.



HE'S RIDING NIGHT AND  
DAY, TO FIND SOME  
SIGN OF THE HOODS--  
HE FEELS IT'S SOME-  
HOW HIS FAULT THAT  
THEY GOT WARNIN'  
AND SKIPPED.



MILES FROM THE  
CONVOY BANCH BOY  
MAKES A DISCOVERY



BAR 80 HORSE DEAD  
ABOUT 24 HOURS, WITH  
NO MARK BUT THAT  
SOME BEHIND THE  
SADDLE--LOOKS LIKE  
A FRESH BURN.



THE BAR 80 RANCH JOIN  
CONVOYS AND MATTHEW'S  
LAND. OWNERS NAME IS  
BRECKLIN--I'LL FOLLOW  
THAT HORSE'S RIDER  
AND SEE ---



TRACKS ARE PLAIN--HE'S  
DRAGGING HIS FEET AS IF  
HE WAS PLUMB TIRED  
OUT, OR CARRYING  
A LOAD.



OH-OH! THIS  
END-OF-THE-  
TEAL.

DIED IN HIS SLEEP! MUST  
HAVE FELT TOO SICK TO  
TAKE OFF HIS BOOTS  
OR OPEN HIS  
BLANKET ROLL.



WHAT EVER BURNED HIS  
HORSE'S BACK BURNED  
THIS HONNERS' NECK!



THERE'S THE STUFF--  
IN THAT PAPER BAG,  
I'LL BET A COOKY



JUST A POWDER-HEAVY,  
LIKE GROUND-UP ROCK---  
NOW WHAT MINERAL  
COULD CAUSE FATAL  
BURNS? I WONDER--



RADIUM! THE MOST  
PRECIOUS MINERAL ON  
EARTH-- AND THE  
DEADLIEST. THAT  
EXPLAINS THE DEAD  
PROSPECTOR IN THE  
CAVERN, AND THE HOODS--



THERE'S ENOUGH RADIUM  
IN THAT POWDER TO MAKE  
A MAN RICH FOR LIFE---  
BUT IT'S DEATH  
TO TOUCH IT



I'M TAKING THIS CORPSE BACK TO  
BRECKLIN'S RANCH-- EITHER HE'S A  
HOOD--OR HE STOLE THE STUFF  
FROM THE HOODS, AND  
THE ANSWER MAY LIE  
AT THE BAR BO.



HELLO!  
ARE YOU STEVEN  
BRECKLIN?

YES! WHAT HAVE  
YOU THERE? AND  
WHO ARE YOU?



NAME IS ROGERS. I FOUND THIS CORPSE ON YOUR RANGE, NEAR A DEAD BAR GO CAUSE, KNOW HIM?

I DON'T. IF HE WAS RIDING ONE OF MY HORSES HE STOLE IT. WHAT DID HE DIE OF?



THERE'S A BAD BURN WHERE HIS HEAD RESTED ON HIS BLANKET ROLL-- BUT THE ONLY THING IN THAT ROLL WAS A BAG OF POWDER.

POWDER? WHAT DID YOU DO WITH IT, ROGERS?



I LEFT IT THERE--- ANY MORE QUESTIONS, BRESKUN?

YES. WHAT'S YOUR BUSINESS IN THIS PART OF NEW MEXICO?



HEY! WHAT HAPPENED TO NORTON? IS HE--



THAT'S NOT NORTON, YOU BLUTHERING FOOL-- CLEAR OUT!

OKAY, OKAY, BOSS!



ALL RIGHT, ROGERS, WE'LL BURY THIS MAN. YOUR RESPONSIBILITY FOR HIM IS OVER.

AND SO IS MY WELCOME, I TAKE IT-- SUITS ME!



NORTON! THAT WAS THE NAME OF LOENA'S FOREMAN, THAT THE HOOBS KIDNAPPED-- OR PRETENDED TO!



THREE MILES FROM THE BAR GO, A SIXTH SENSE WARRIOR TO LOOK AROUND

DUST CLOUD TO THE NORTH-- AND A RIDGE JUST DODGED INTO AN ARROYO TO THE SOUTH! THEY COULD HAVE COME FROM THE BAR GO.





FIGURE IT OUT FOR YOURSELF--  
BRECKLIN FINDS RADIOACTIVE  
ORE ON OUR PROPERTY--  
HIRS A GANG OF GUNNIES TO  
SCARE US AND THE MATTHEWS  
OUT OF HERE--FALLING  
THAT, HE STARTS  
KILLING US OFF--



NOW WE'VE UNCOVERED HIM--  
AND HE KNOWS IT--ITS WAR--  
WAR TO THE KNIFE!

I'M AFRAID  
SO, DENNIS.



SH-H-H! I HEAR HOODES  
OUTSIDE-- TOO QUIET  
FOR OUR BOYS.



IS IT --  
THE HOODES?

MIGHT BE.. TELL THE  
RANCH HANDS TO GET  
THEIR GUNS READY,  
DENNIS!



A DARKER SHADOW MOVES  
THROUGH THE NIGHT TO  
THE BACK OF THE HOUSE



THEN--A SUDDEN  
SPURT OF FLAME.



A FIGURE DROPS  
FROM ABOVE--  
SILENT AS A  
COUGAR.



ALL RIGHT, RED HOOD--  
THIS TIME WE'LL SEE--













EE-YAAA!



THIS CRACK MUST BE  
PLUMB BOTTOMLESS &  
I NEVER HEARD  
HIM HIT!



ROGERS! ARE  
YOU HURT? WHO  
YELLED?

WHAT'RE YOU  
LOOKING AT?  
WHERE'S BRECKLIN



NOBODY'S GOING TO SEE BRECKLIN  
AGAIN-- TILL THE DAY OF  
JUDGEMENT-- HE'S DOWN  
THERE.

A LONG WAY  
DOWN -- BY THE  
LOOKS!



LOENA MATTISON IS  
WAITING FOR THIS NEWS,  
CONBOY-- YOU LIGHT A  
SHUCK NOW--  
FOR THE RANCH.

YOU'RE  
RIGHT--  
COME ON.



I'LL SEE THE SHERIFF  
INTO TOWN WITH HIS  
PRISONERS-- HASTA  
LARGO! REMEMBER  
ME TO NEW MEXICO'S  
FUTURE RADIUM  
QUEEN!



ONE MORE TRAIL'S BEHIND  
US, TRIGGER---AND THE  
NEW TRAIL'S JUST OVER  
THE HILL--- LET'S GO!



